

## The Broad Ax.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

Will promulgate and at all times uphold the true principles of Democracy, but farmers, Catholics, Protestants, Knights of Labor, Indians, Mormons, Republicans, Priests, or any one else can have their say, so long as their language is proper and responsibility is fixed. The Broad Ax is a newspaper whose platform is broad enough for all, ever claiming the editorial right to speak its own mind. Local communications will have attention; write only on one side of the paper.

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**JULIUS F. TAYLOR,** Publisher and Editor.

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People who are not able to take care of their private conduct are hardly fit to prescribe rules for others.

There is as much difference between information and gossip as there is between walnut and basswood.

Don't blame the devil with everything crooked in the world. Mankind has done a good deal in that line.

When a girl is saying goodbye to a man in the hall, why does she stand up so close and put her hands behind her?

It is well to remember when in or out of society that purple and fine linen never made a porcine character a fine gentleman.

Now that another United States Venezuelan Commission has been appointed the people will be less restless. It has been difficult trying to worry along between commissions.

Jake Schaefer, the former champion billiardist, fell off a Chicago street car and permanently injured the wrist of his cue arm, and is now suing for \$100,000 damages. It's a stiff price, but it is also a stiff wrist.

Maguire Hines, a railroad builder, has just returned from a visit to England. He went there to raise \$3,000,000 for a new line in the South. "The people I met believe that the late war over here was between North and South America," he said, recently, "and their notion about Venezuela is that the confederacy has started the war again." England is in need of free schools.

Whatever our senators and representatives do or fail to do about other matters, the present session of congress ought not to close without a suitable appropriation for the repair of the frigate Constitution. "Old Ironsides." Immediate action is necessary for the preservation of a vessel whose decks have been "red with heroes' blood," and whose glorious record is an imperishable part of our national renown.

The special agent recently dispatched to Japan by the San Francisco Bureau of Foreign Commerce for the purpose of collecting data with reference to matters affecting the interests of American manufacturers has submitted a report, in which he states that during the past two months there has been almost a panic in Japanese financial circles, but the worst is now considered over. After the war with China speculation was rampant. Thousands of stock companies were floated, and their shares boomed. Everybody invested, but collapse soon came. The native banks have shut down indiscriminately of late and merchants allowed no accommodations. Heavy stocks of merchandise were thus thrown back upon the market, and warehouses are crowded.

A minister in the far west during the past few years has made a collection of curious and worthless money given at the services of his church. His exhibit includes Peruvian, Hawaiian and Swedish coin, also quarters and dimes, punched, battered, defaced, which he would not attempt to pass for their face value, and could not pass them if he made the attempt. He has given notice that the defaced coin will be sent to the mint and sold as bullion, or melted and made into some article of church ware. Such a matter-of-fact statement is worth more than a hundred jests to show that the collection plate indicates the possible character of a contributor. If consciously used in this way the defaced coin represents a deception. The giver knows that his tradesman would hesitate to accept the coin in trade. To drop it into the contribution-box is an easy disposition of the obnoxious piece of metal, and apparently shows generous obedience to a religious duty. It is a small, misleading act. Its pitiful meanness could not be tolerated by a thoroughly honest mind.

The police of Kansas City properly come under the classification of heavyweights. The members of the force were recently weighed, when it was found that the average weight of each policeman is 188½ pounds, and the average height is 5 feet 10½ inches. The heaviest officer weighs 280 pounds and is seven feet high, lacking four inches.

The wife who is meek and patient and forgiving and always meets her husband with a smiling face no matter how much he makes her cry in secret, gets terribly tiresome.

## THE SHOEMAKER'S REFORM.

I write down the following story from memory. It was related by one of the original Crusaders of Ohio, in an audience where I was present:

"One morning during the crusade, a drunkard's wife came to my door. She carried in her arms a baby six weeks old. Her pale, pinched face was sad to see, and she told me this story: 'My husband is drinking himself to death; he is lost to all human feeling; our rent is unpaid, and we are liable to be put out into the street; and there is no food in the house for me and the children. He has a good trade, but his earnings all go to the saloon on the corner near us; he is becoming more and more brutal and abusive. We seem to be on the verge of ruin. How can I, feeble as I am, with a babe in my arms, earn bread for myself and children?'"

"Quick as thought the question came to me, and I asked it: 'Why not have this husband of yours converted?'"

"But she answered hopelessly: 'Oh, there's no hope of such a thing; he cares for nothing but strong drink.'"

"I'll come and see him this afternoon," said I.

"He'll insult you," she replied.

"No matter," said I, "my Savior was insulted, and the servant is not above his Lord."

"That very afternoon I called at the little tenement house. The husband was at work at his trade in a back room, and his little girl was sent to tell him that a lady wished to see him. The child, however, soon returned with the message: 'My pa says he won't see anyone.'"

"But I sent him a message proving that I was indeed in earnest. I said: 'Go back and tell your pa that a lady wishes to see him on very important business, and she must see him, if she has to stay until after supper.'"

"I knew very well that there was nothing in the house to eat. A moment afterward a poor, bloated, besotted wreck of a man stood before me.

"What do you want?" he demanded, as he came shuffling into the room.

"Please be seated and look at this paper," I answered, pointing to a vacant chair at the other end of the table where I was sitting, and handing a printed pledge to him.

"He read it slowly, and then throwing it down upon the table, broke out violently:

"Do you think I'm a fool? I drink when I please, and let it alone when I please. I'm not going to sign away my personal liberty."

"Do you think you can stop drinking?"

"Yes, I could if I wanted."

"On the contrary, I think you're a slave to the rum shop down on the corner."

"No, I ain't any such thing."

"I think, too, that you love the saloon-keeper's daughter better than you do your own little girl."

"No, I don't either."

"Well, let us see about that. When I passed the saloon-keeper's house I saw his little girl coming down the steps, and she had on white shoes, and a white dress, and a blue sash. Your money helped to buy them. I came here, and your little girl, more beautiful than she, has on a faded, ragged dress, and her feet are bare."

"That's so, madam."

"And you love the saloon-keeper's wife better than your own wife."

"Never, no, never!"

"When I passed the saloon-keeper's house, I saw his wife come out with the little girl, and she was dressed in silks and laces, and a carriage waited for her. Your money helped to buy the silks and laces, and the horses and the carriage. I came here and find your wife in a faded calico gown, doing her work. If she goes anywhere she must walk."

"You speak the truth, madam."

"You love the saloon-keeper better than you love yourself. You say you can keep from drinking if you choose, but you helped the saloon-keeper to build himself a fine brick house, and you live in this poor, tumble-down old house yourself."

"I never saw it in that light before. Then, holding out his hand, that shook like an aspen leaf, he continued: 'You speak the truth, madam; I am a slave. Do you see that hand? I've got a piece of work to finish, and I must have a mug of beer to steady my nerves, or I cannot do it, but tomorrow, if you call, I will sign the pledge.'"

"That's a temptation of the devil. I did not ask you to sign the pledge. You are a slave and cannot help it. But I do want to tell you this: There is One who can break your chains and set you free."

"I want to be free."

"Well, Christ can set you free, if you'll submit to Him and let Him break the chains of sin and appetite that bind you."

"It's been many a long year since I prayed."

"No matter; the sooner you begin the better for you."

"He threw himself at once upon his knees, and while I prayed I heard him sobbing out the cry of his soul to God."

"His wife knelt beside me and followed me in earnest prayer. The words were simple and broken with sobs, but somehow they went straight up from her crushed heart to God, and the poor man began to cry in earnest for mercy."

"O God! break these chains that are burning into my soul! Pity me, and pity my wife and children, and break the chains that are dragging me down to hell. O God! be merciful to me, a sinner. And thus out of the depths he cried to God, and He heard him and had compassion upon him, and broke every chain and lifted every burden; and he arose a free and redeemed man."

"When he rose from his knees he said: 'Now I will sign the pledge and keep it.'"

"And he did. A family altar was established; the comforts of life were soon secured—for he had a good trade—and two weeks after this scene his little girl came into my husband's Sunday school with white shoes and white dress, and a blue sash on, as a token that her father's money no longer went into the saloon-keeper's till."

"But what struck me most of all was that it took less than two hours of my time thus to be an ambassador for Christ in declaring the terms of heaven's great treaty whereby a soul was saved from death, a multitude of sins were covered, and a home restored to purity and peace."—Frances E. Willard.

### Bartlett's Pantaloon.

In the latter part of the last century the story of Bartlett's ghost and the mysterious disappearance of his nether garments was often recounted by the citizens of Woburn, Mass. Joseph Bartlett was an eccentric and talented lawyer, given to saying and doing uncommon things, says the Youth's Companion. He lived in the "Black House," so called because of its color. It seems that a thief once entered this house in the night, but was frightened away by the appearance of a dreadful ghost.

The ghost was of gigantic size, with immense black wings, by the aid of which it rapidly flew toward the burglar. Some time before this a party of merry-makers had seen the same ghost. All sorts of stories were current. Horrible noises had been heard, it was said, and fire had been issuing from the garret windows of the Black House.

The frightened burglar left his kit of tools behind him. Strange to say, nothing was found to have been taken from the house save the lawyer's pantaloon, which were removed from a chair in his own room. The next night a second pair of pantaloon disappeared, and what was odd, the door of the room was still bolted on the inside and there were no visible signs that the house had been entered.

Bartlett now doubly locked the doors and put bells on all the windows so arranged that the slightest movement would set them ringing. Notwithstanding these precautions, that night a pair of pantaloon was carried off.

Bartlett was astonished at the audacity andadroitness of the thief and determined at any cost to ferret out the mystery. He hired a man to sit up in the closet of his sleeping room and keep watch. A little past midnight, when the watchman had been dozing, he woke suddenly and saw the dreaded ghost. He fled. In the morning another pair of trousers was gone.

Bartlett was disgusted, but, like a sensible man, he employed a second watchman, a cool, clear-headed fellow. For three nights this man occupied the closet in vain. No ghost appeared and no pantaloon were carried off.

On the fourth night the watchman saw Bartlett himself get out of bed, go in his nightshirt to the chair on which his clothing lay, take his pantaloon therefrom and place them about his neck with the legs dangling from either side. Thus arrayed he proceeded to the door, unlocked it, and went downstairs and out to the haystack at the rear of the house. He dug a hole, deposited the pantaloon therein, replaced the hay and returned to the house and went to bed.

The mystery was solved. The next morning the haystack was searched and all five pairs of pantaloon were found snugly stowed therein.

### Tennyson and His Wife.

Tennyson was devoted to his wife, but, like a man of true taste, he wrote very little about his feeling for her. That beautiful dedication beginning, "Dear, near and true," is that bit of his writing which will be most often ascribed with her name. She was a shrewd critic of her husband's work. Tennyson has been accused of inability to fuse the different portions of a long poem, and the difference in style between "The Coming of Arthur" and "The Passing of Arthur" and the other "Idylls of the King" has been cited in illustration. Concerning this difference Lady Tennyson said to her son only two days before her death, "He said 'The Coming of Arthur' and 'The Passing of Arthur' are purposely simpler in style than the other Idylls as dealing with the awfulness of birth and death," and she wished this statement of the poet to be put on record in her son's biography of his father.—New York Tribune.

An old postoffice inspector says: "Money never should be inclosed in letters for transmission through the mails. In the first place it is unnecessary to do so, because money orders are so cheap; and, in the second place, money in a letter offers a constant temptation to those who handle mail. It is practically impossible to place money in a letter so that the postal clerk into whose hands the letter falls will not instantly detect it. Paper money has a peculiar odor unlike anything else on earth, and the clerk who is dishonest uses his senses of smell in spotting valuable letters rather than the sense of touch."

An excellent hot bread for luncheon or a night tea may be made from baker's bread rolled. Take a fresh loaf that is square in shape, cut off the crust with a sharp knife, and cut in thin slices, buttering each slice before cutting. Roll the slices carefully and fasten each with a skewer or wooden toothpick, and brown in the oven. Serve hot. These rolls may sometimes be spread with a thin layer of raspberry jam after they are buttered, or sprinkled with grated cheese, and served cold.

A new and less destructive method of getting rubber has been discovered. Heretofore the trees were cut down, but it has been found that the leaves yield a purer and more abundant article, wherefore the trees can be spared.

## ARM MADE OF GLASS.

A NEW YORK MAN HAS A VALUABLE MEMBER.

Reasons for the Unusual Material—Marvelous Mechanism in the Interior—Small Switchboard with Electric Buttons.



HE use that glass is being put to nowadays are truly legion. Houses have even been built of that fragile material, statues have been cast in it, furniture of all kinds, from beds to tables and chairs have been fashioned from it, while for a long time past all sorts of surgical instruments and appliances have been made of it, says the New York Recorder. Without glass Sir Joseph Lister's principles of antiseptics and the present system of aseptic surgery would be well-nigh impossible. Nothing can be so easily kept clean as glass, and as cleanliness is the key-note of the marvelously successful surgery of today the modern operating room is a veritable crystal palace. The operating tables, the instrument cases and often even the ceiling and walls of these rooms are all of purest polished plate glass.

Glass eyes have long replaced the lost organs of vision and can be made so cleverly as to almost defy detection. Glass noses are even made, and if we go far back in history, even to the history of fairyland, we would probably discover that the existing impetus to the glass industry dates back to Cinderella's slippers of fabled fame.

But these are fin de siècle days, and the most recent and at the same time most marvelous use glass has been put to is in the making of artificial limbs.

There is a man in New York today—a prominent downtown business man at that—who, so far as his friends, or at least, all but his most intimate and confidential friends, know, has two arms as good and as serviceable as any one's else, whose left arm is made of glass.

The only thing, so far as appearances are concerned, that would indicate that anything is the matter with his arm is the fact that he invariably carries his left hand in his pocket. When questioned about it he settles all doubt by simply answering: "Rheumatism. I'm subject to it. If I don't keep my hand warm it gets chilled and I suffer in consequence, so I keep it my pocket—that's all." And the questioner usually goes away perfectly satisfied.

But the story of this wonderful glass arm—the only one in existence—is well worth being told. Some years ago Mr. B—y, the gentleman in question, was out shooting. Somehow or other the muzzle of the weapon became clogged up with sand and exploded when discharged, lacerating Mr. B—y's left arm in the most frightful manner. He was taken to his uptown home and the most skillful surgeons summoned, but to no avail; the arm had to be amputated to save the man's life, for symptoms of blood-poisoning speedily developed.

To be maimed and an object of pity for the rest of one's life is anything but pleasant, and so soon as he was able to be about Mr. B—y set sail for Europe, "for his health." It was said, but in reality it was in search of an arm. A huge ulcer and bandages innumerable concealed the fact of his loss from his fellow-passengers until he had once reached his state-room and there he remained until the end of the voyage.

The only persons who accompanied him were his young daughter, a beautiful girl then 17 years old, but now one of the pets of the exclusive society set of Murray Hill, and one man. This man is an inventor of national reputation and, so far as the public was concerned, went to Europe simply for a holiday. His name is as familiar to the public as that of Edison and his marvelous laboratories are in the heart of New York.

He had little to do with either Mr. or Miss B—y during the course of the voyage, but a week after the arrival of the French liner at Havre the trio met at Venice and the most skillful glassblower in that Italian city was taken into their confidence.

The result was that some three months later Mr. B—y returned to New York, hale and hearty, with two arms. The hand of his left arm is never gloved unless its mate is also gloved, and the closest scrutiny fails to reveal any difference between it and the natural hand, and yet it is nothing but glass to within five inches of the elbow.

Some time ago it was discovered that if a small quantity of oil were poured into molten glass it would greatly lessen its friability and make it very elastic, and of this peculiar elastic glass is the arm made. It has a dull finish, giving an exact appearance of natural skin, and the coloring is the work of an artist and burned in. The nails are of separate pieces of transparent glass, fused into place, and have to be kept clean like ordinary finger nails. The arm itself is hollow and the hidden parts, above the wrist, are colorless, transparent glass. It is made in three pieces—the one reaching to the elbow, the center piece to the wrist, and the third the hand.

Escape.

"Aren't you late in getting home from Sunday school, Bobby?" "Well, I guess! There was a man there who made an all-day speech and I thought he would never get out." "Who was he?" "Aw, I forgot his name, but he was an escaped missionary."—Judge.

## USE OF SLANG.

Delicate Application of It Made by Skillful Adepts.

The really amusing feature of slang, says a writer in the Illustrated American, is not the expression itself so much as the delicate and fanciful application of it made by skillful hands. "Don'tcher know" has been established so extensively and generally that the listener's ear takes no more notice of it than of a punctuation mark. Nevertheless, it is an irritation to hear it constantly repeated. "You understand me, you see what I mean?" thrown in at the end of every sentence, even though the conversation may be about the simplest matter, causes a nervously intelligent auditor to feel that he is being mistaken for an imbecile. To ask a man with special emphasis if he understands, when the subject before him could be understood by a child of 2, borders on insult. The good-humored, pachydermatous speaker has no appreciation of the irritation he is causing nor of the keen sarcasm of the occasional reply he elicits. Slang seems to be the natural mode of expression for the boy at school and college. From him it spreads to his sisters and then to know the meaning of all the complicated and arbitrary terms argues one's self out of the world of youth. To be in sympathy with it one must have at least a bowing acquaintance with this strange and ephemeral language.

### Answered.

James T. Fields, the Boston publisher, had a good memory, and his knowledge of English literature was well known to be both accurate and extensive. An exchange relates an amusing story of a would-be wit who once tried to entrap him. The incident occurred at a dinner party. Before Mr. Fields' arrival one of the gentlemen informed the other guests that he had written some lines which he intended to submit to Mr. Fields as Southey's, and to ask in which of that author's works they could be found. At a lull in the conversation after the dinner was in progress the would-be wit began:

"Mr. Fields, I have been somewhat puzzled of late in searching out in Southey's poems his well-known lines running thus," repeating the lines he had composed. "You tell me when he wrote them and where they are to be found?"

"I do not remember to have met with them before," replied the publisher; "and there were only two periods in Southey's life when such lines could possibly have been written by him."

"When were those?"

"Somewhere," said Mr. Fields, "about that early period of his existence when he was having the measles or cutting his first teeth, or near the close of his life when his brain was softened. The versification belongs to the measles period, but the ideas betray the idiotic one."

The company roared.

### Bullets Deflected by Electricity.

At a recent rifle meeting in Switzerland it was discovered, according to a Geneva Journal's report, that the steel-jacketed bullets of the marksmen were swerved from their course by the influence of telegraph and telephone wires running alongside the range. Experiments were then made at Thun by placing four steel cables parallel with the range, and about 40 yards distant from it, and sending a current of 8,000 volts through them. The effect, it is said, was to turn the bullets so far from their course that the deviation amounted to 24 yards on a range of 260 yards. The bullets on being taken from the targets were found to be magnetized. Next, on an artillery range of 3,000 yards, the electro-magnetic influence was generated 200 yards in front of the targets and 40 yards to one side. The projectiles were swerved 14 degrees from a straight line.

### Birds Strangely Concealed.

Mr. A. H. Thayer, an artist, believes he has discovered that the light color of the under parts of birds and small mammals serves to conceal them from their enemies. At a recent meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union he proved by experiments that an object nearly of the color of the ground, like a potato, is very conspicuous when placed a few inches above the soil and viewed from a little distance. But when the under side is painted white, and gradually shaded into the color of the upper part, the object disappears by blending with the ground; the whiteness beneath counteracts the effect of the shadow of the body.

### White Slaves of Old England.

Eight hundred years ago all of the large cities of England had regular slave markets for the sale of white slaves from all parts of the kingdom. In the "Life of Bishop Wulfstand" the writer says: "It was a moving sight to see in the public market rows of young people of both sexes tied together and sold like cattle—men, unmindful of their obligations, delivering into slavery their relatives, and even their own children." In another part of this work it is noted that among these slaves were "particularly young women, of fine proportions and of great beauty."

### Don't Like Poothouses.

There is such a deep-rooted dislike among paupers in Ireland to enter the workhouse that in the county of Antrim, for instance, there are only 1,000 persons in six workhouses that have room for 5,000.

### In the Vernacular.

"Teacher—Will some little boy kindly give a modern version of the saying that there is no rose without a thorn?" "Fiddy—Dey is no push widout a knocker."—Indianapolis Journal.

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